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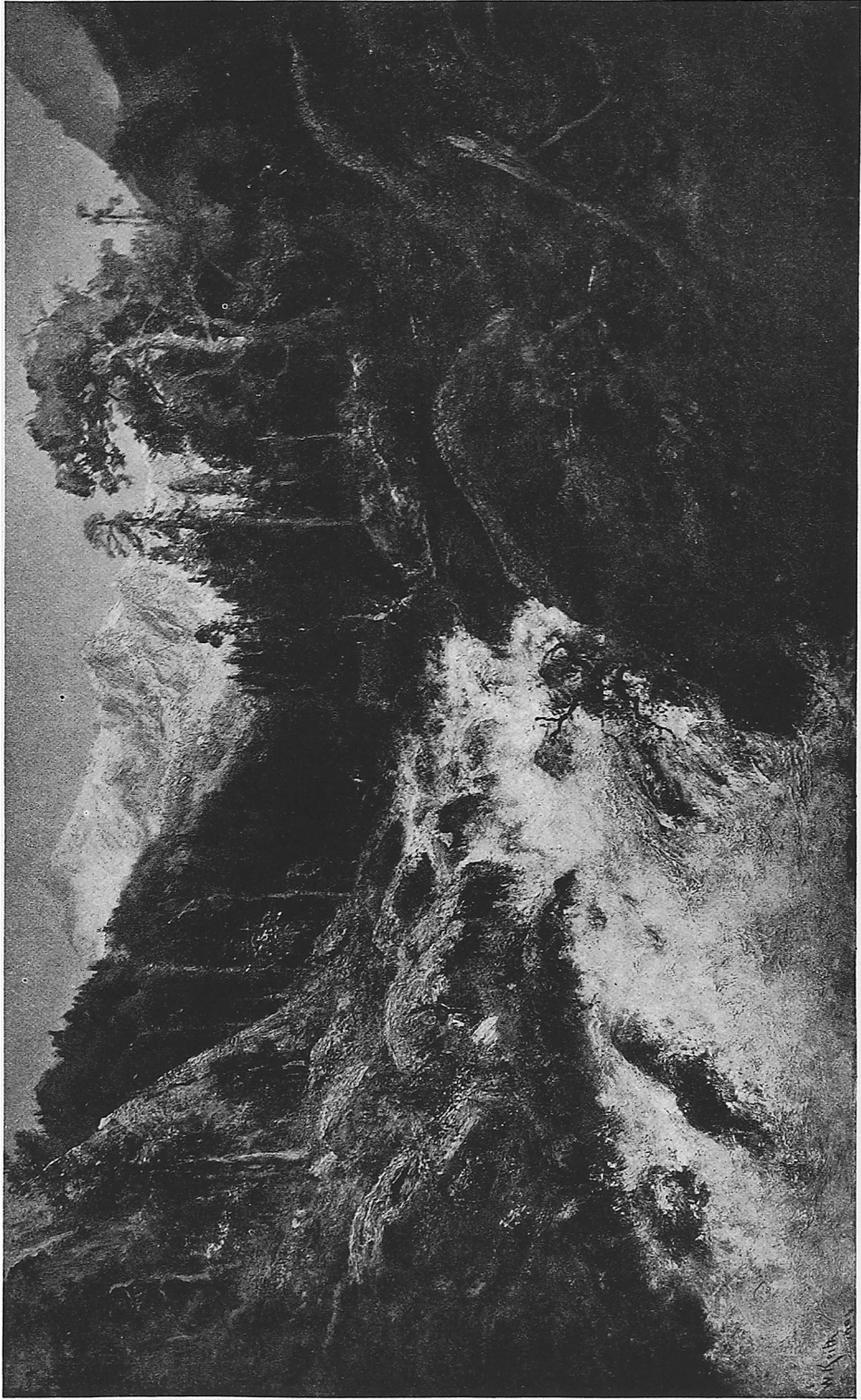
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CROWN OF SIERRAS  
By WILLIAM KEITH



*SOLITUDE*  
By BIRGER SANDZEN

## The Southwest as a Sketching Ground

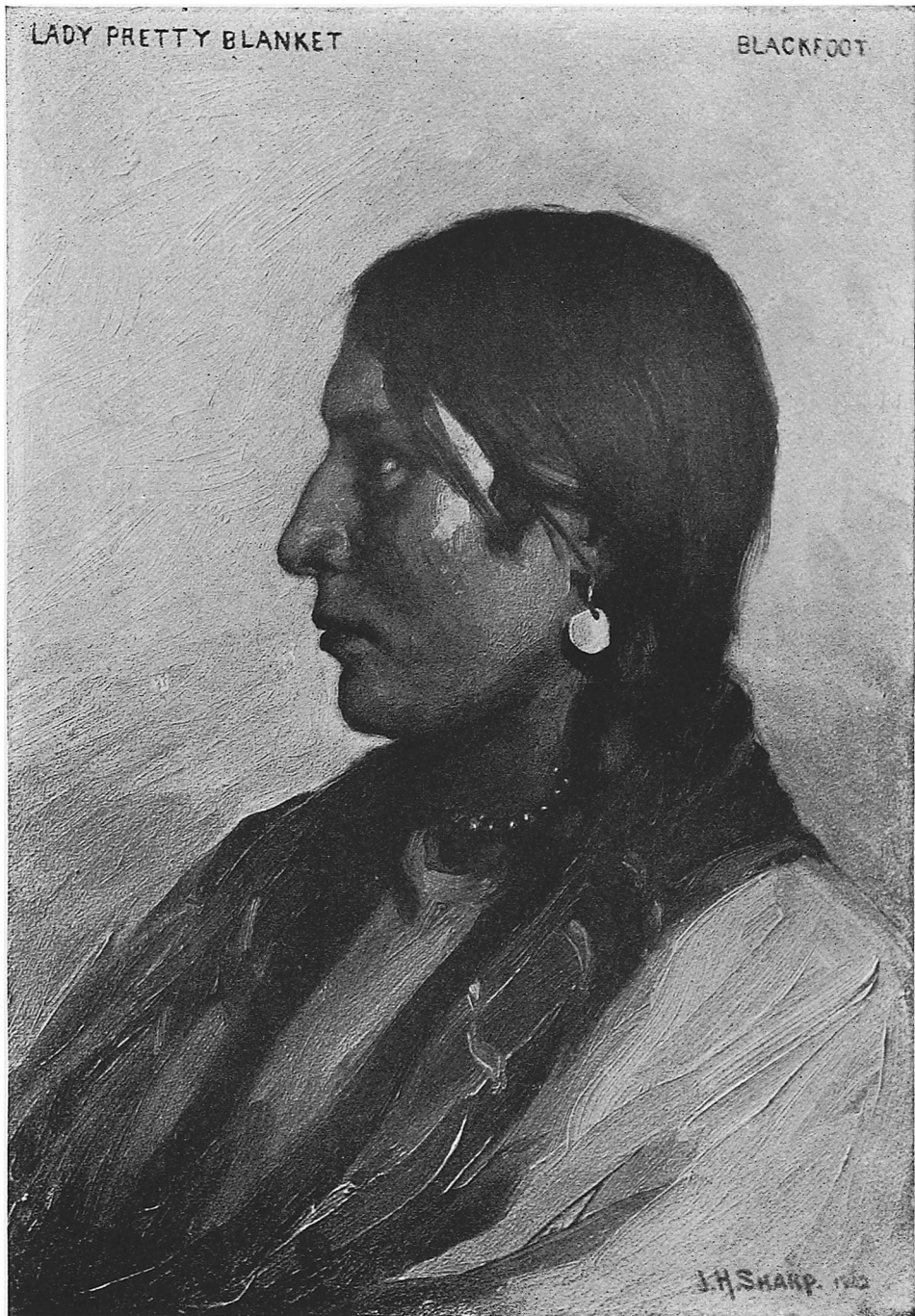
By BIRGER SANDZEN

THE real artist will find beauty in almost any kind of surroundings. He is able to draw inspiration from quite insignificant and common-place things because his soul is in tune with all creation. He sees with the curious eyes of a child, his naive love and admiration touch nature with a magic wand and conjure up marvellous visions. His imagination is a living and creative power. The genuine artist, like the real poet, produces fascinating and convincing work, because he allows his imagination to assist him in his quest of truth and beauty. He does not believe in holding the obvious before our eyes or in the necessity of literal truth. He will find new viewpoints and present a different interpretation of the motif even if hundreds of artists have gone over the same

ground before and utilized its artistic possibilities.

If he is a landscape painter he will feel at home on any kind of a sketching ground, old or new, and will go ahead and paint cheerfully wherever he happens to be, because to him nature is always beautiful. This does not mean, however, that all kinds of scenery are equally attractive to him. On the contrary, he may for several reasons, such as education, environment or temperament, feel a slight preference for certain kinds of landscapes.

There is perhaps no country in the world that offers the painter such an infinite variety of beautiful scenery as ours: lakes, rivers, smiling meadows and woods, vast plains, mountains and great deserts. If the artist wishes to study the monstrous



LADY PRETTY BLANKET  
By J. H. SHARP





NA-TU-YA (BLESSED BLACKFOOT)  
By J. H. SHARP



QUINNAH—FLAT-HEAD CHIEF  
By J. H. SHARP

*I'O-TZE*  
By ROBERT HENRI

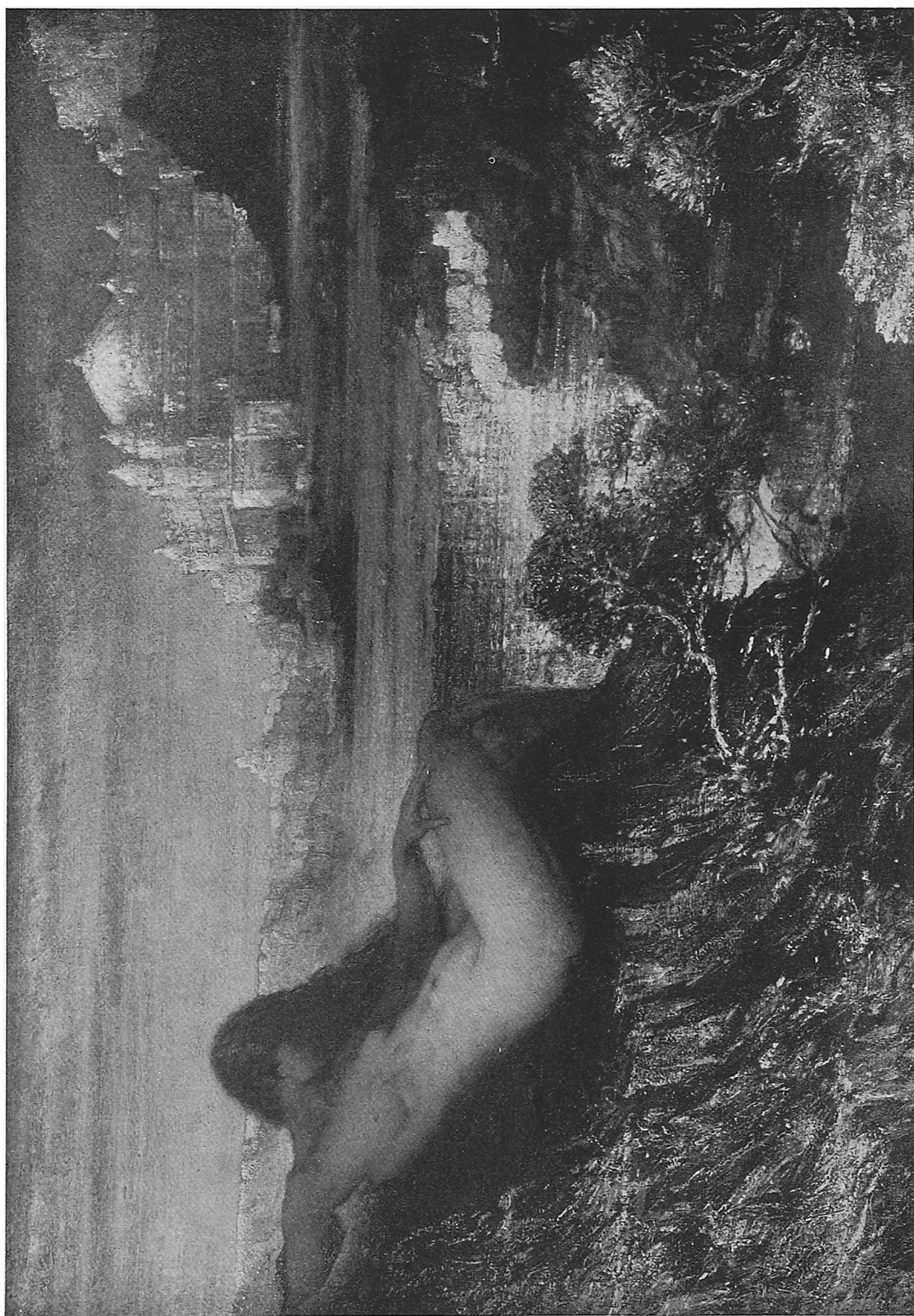


machinery of modern industry and commerce he will find it in its most developed form in our gigantic cities. Our towns and villages are also picturesque. The figure painter will find all imaginable types waiting to be immortalized on canvas. We lack the glorious mixture of history and nature that of which the Old World is justly proud, but, of course, no country can have everything.

Some years ago a famous European landscape painter traveled extensively in the southwest, especially in Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and California, spending nearly half of his time in the Rocky Mountains. Coming back to his Eastern headquarters this artist, who for years had been a great traveler, spoke enthusiastically of the marvellously beautiful and varied land-

scapes that he had seen on his journey and asked his American artist friends why in the world they did not paint this glorious country instead of getting their subjects and their inspiration from the old sketching grounds in Europe or the extreme east of this country. Many Europeans have asked the same question. Any person who is at all familiar with the brief history of American art and with conditions in general in this country will be able to give a satisfactory answer.

We are a young nation, without national art traditions and without the race consciousness that creates them. The material resources long demanded the attention of the people and there was very little energy left for the upbuilding of art. For more than a hundred years the Allegheny Moun-



*THE GENIUS OF THE CANYON*

*By ELLIOTT DAINGERFIELD*





WESTERN LANDSCAPE  
By WILLIAM KEITH

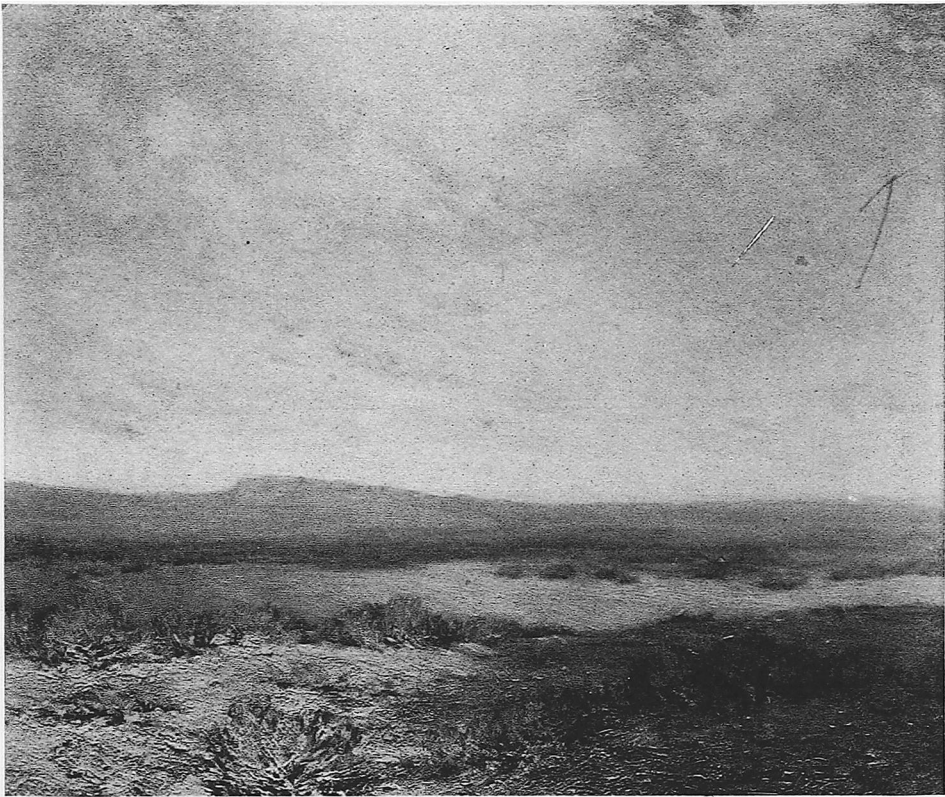
tains marked the western boundary line of American culture. What little art we had was found in the cities of the East. Most of our artists went to Europe to study. There they could get the very best of teachers, traditions, honors, appreciation and all their hearts longed for. Those who came home, most naturally, tried to establish European standards and traditions. In matters of art the Anglo-Saxon is by nature conservative and timid, and our art has until recently been rather academic in character. In the field of landscape painting the old European formulas long reigned supreme. The art historian feels that the spirit of Barbizon still hovers over our landscape art both in choice of subject matter and in technical treatment.

No wonder that the Wild West long seemed unpaintable. It was so new, strange, big and unsympathetic. Another reason why the serious critic and artist have been slow to overcome their prejudice against the western artist and his work is

simply that so many terrible sins have been committed in the name of Western art. Who can think without a shiver of the panoramic views of the Grand Canyon and the Rocky Mountains, chaotic in color and design, done by certain early surveyors and photographers, that in our art history have been put down as artists. We do not mind the banalities of the colored viewcards that we are forced to buy when we travel, but when we run across the same things in gigantic size, about eight by twelve feet, painted on canvas and hanging in a public collection, then we need a little ice-water, a fan and a chair. Even many of our modern Eastern landscapists who occasionally make a trip to the West in order to get new subjects for their exhibition pictures often fail to reproduce their impressions in a convincing way, although their technical equipment is splendid. I shall endeavor to explain the causes of their failures later in this sketch.

Our native American landscape art has





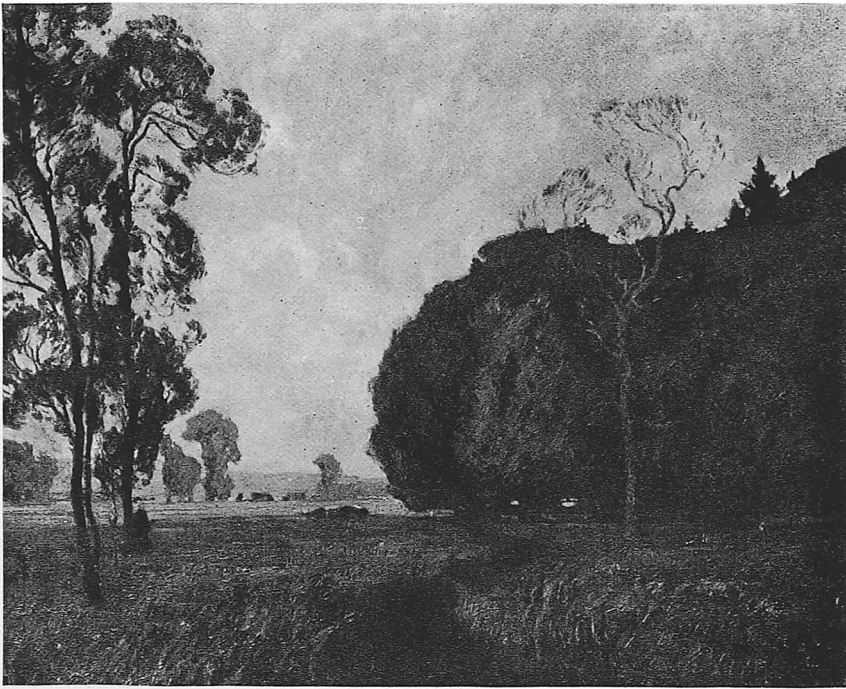
*DESERT IN SUNSHINE AND SHADOW*  
By BERTHA MENZLER DRESSLER

during the last ten years developed with amazing rapidity. New regions are being explored seriously and patiently, as our exhibitions clearly prove, and the quality of the work is fast improving. There is a spirit of joy, freedom, independence and energy that promises a glorious future. We feel that a national American school of painting is coming, and we, who live in the "Great Southwest," are glad to know that this part of our country is commencing to contribute something to our young national art.

As a sketching ground the Southwest possesses unlimited possibilities, and can offer the painter abundant material of every conceivable character. He will find idyllic, dreamy meadows, soft-lined groves, dancing brooks, red, yellow or white farmhouses beautifully nestled on the hillside,

all those friendly, quiet little motives that everybody loves and admires and understands, the Barbizon-Woodstock theme and its many variations. The East and the West have many of these charming subjects in common, although the atmospheric effects peculiar to the high plateau of the Southwest give them a somewhat new setting. There are also some highly characteristic features in the Western landscape, that very few artists have studied as yet, and that are generally considered unattractive and unsuitable for artistic interpretation.

Our sympathies and antipathies with regard to subjects in landscape art depend largely upon habit of mind. The open and bare landscape is generally not very popular as a sketching ground, unless it be of unquestionable grandeur like the "Painted Desert" of Arizona and Southern Cali-



*BETWEEN SHOWERS*  
By WILLIAM WENDT

fornia. Let us direct our attention to some of those common and unpretentious things that in the opinion of most people are unworthy of the artist's affection, such as our bare Kansas hills, "rolling prairie," winding creeks, alfalfa and wheat fields, pasture grounds, etc. Let us try to analyze some of those humble scenes and see if they deserve the painter's love.

In Central Kansas there are miles and miles of low hills, none of them higher than about four hundred fifty feet above the level of the plains. They are as a rule covered with grass clear up to the top, with an abundance of gay flowers and shrubs sprinkled over them. Ravines with groups of trees here and there draw deep, winding lines along the sides of the hills. Huge boulders or fantastic fortresses and castles of yellow or light red sandstone, fit dwellings for the giant stone-men of the Indian legend, stand out here and there in bold relief. Between the hills, which often

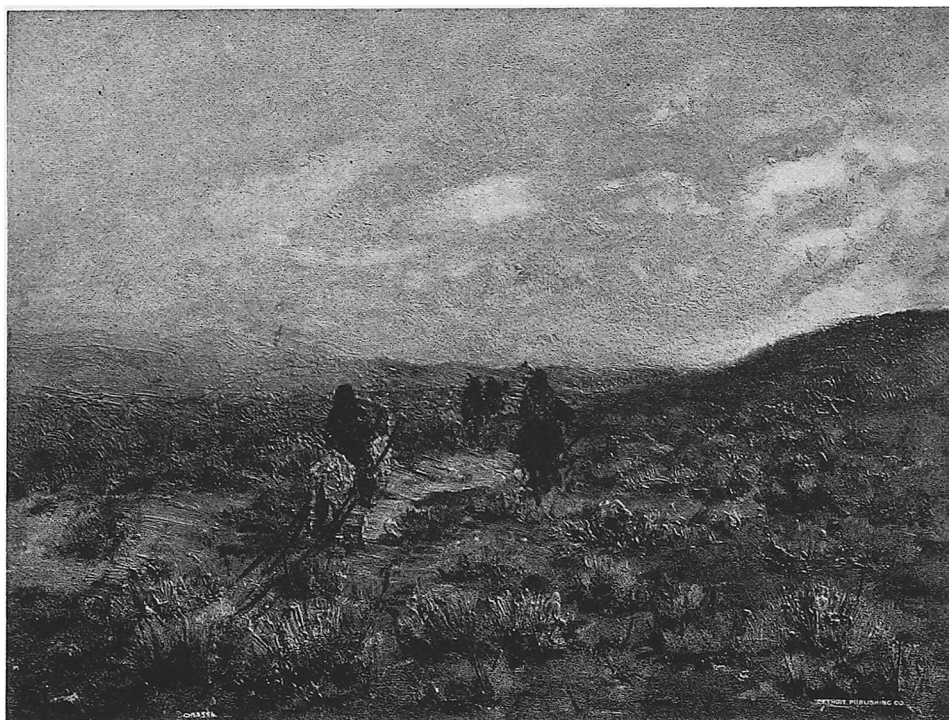
run in parallel lines, there are fields and pastures.

The "rolling prairie" is also a familiar feature in the Kansas landscape. Perhaps a creek will cut a deep gash in the undulating prairie. Sometimes it is full of water, sometimes it is almost dry, and its bottom of sand or shale is laid bare for many miles, except in the deep places, where there is water even in the driest summer. You may follow the creek for hours and hours and perhaps find nothing especially interesting, but then, all of a sudden, the creek will spring a great surprise on you. There will be perpendicular sandstone walls, high and gay-colored, palaces, minarets and temple ruins looming up against the sparkling, greenish blue sky. The dimensions of these rock formations may not be very imposing if compared to the marvellous stone architecture of the Rocky Mountains or the Grand Canyon, but their lines and colors are, nevertheless, interesting.



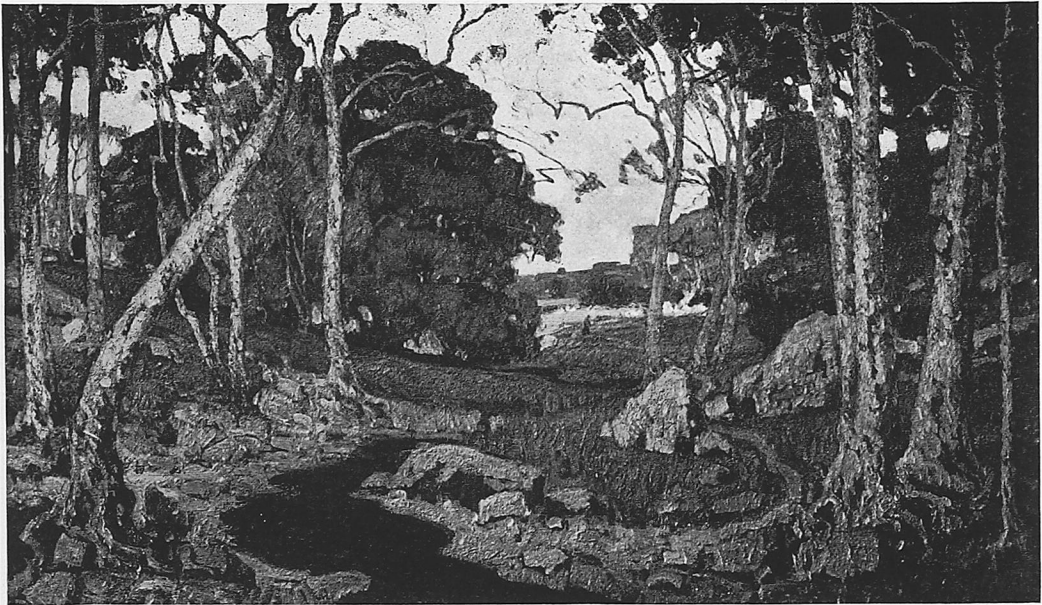
APACHE WAR PARTY  
By CHARLES CRAIG

Courtesy W. H. Simpson  
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NAVAJOS MOVING CAMP, ARIZONA  
By F. P. SAUERWEN

Courtesy W. H. Simpson  
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LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE  
By WILLIAM WENDT



SUMMERDAY (CALIFORNIA COAST)  
By CARL OSCAR BORG



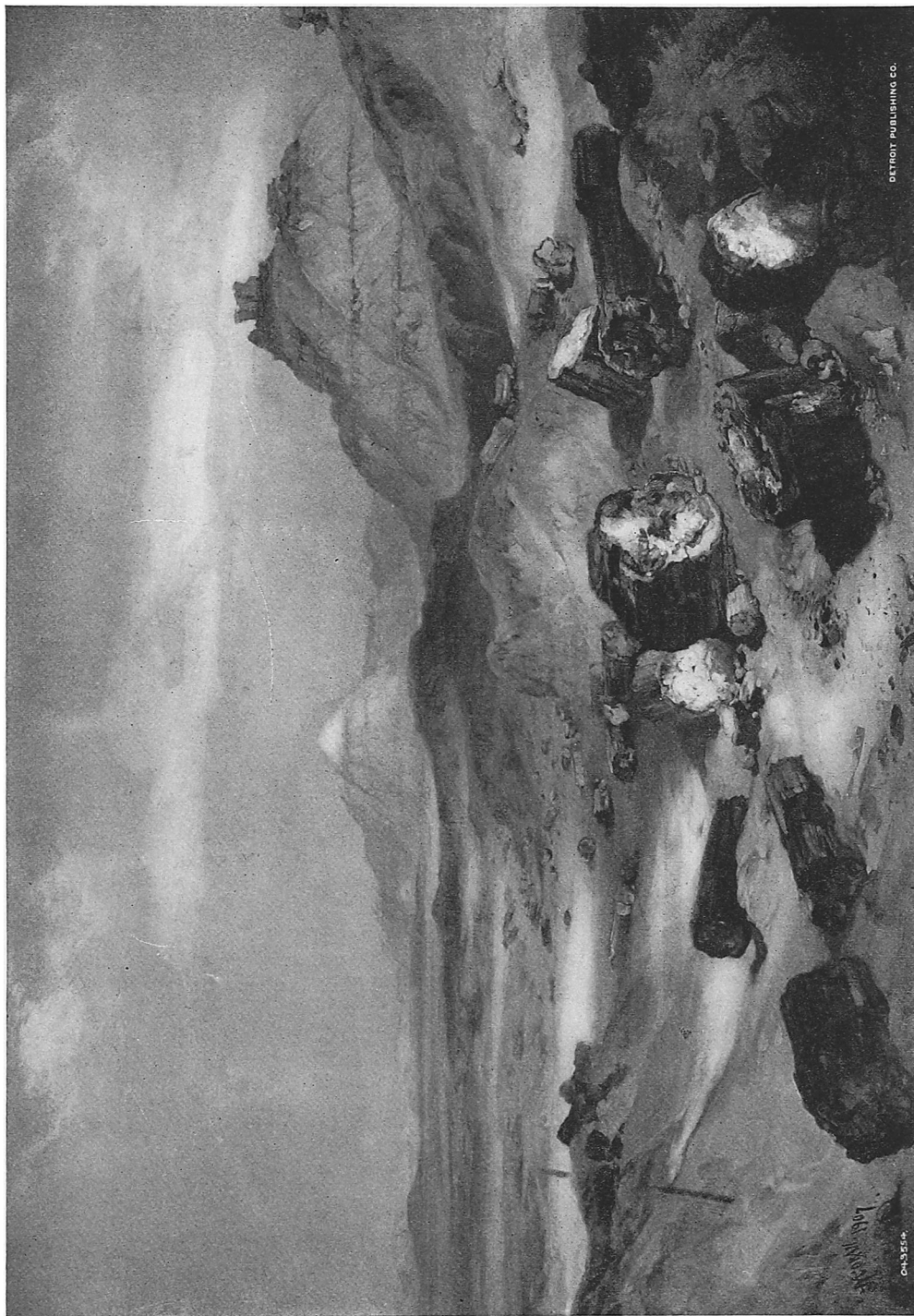


*CALIFORNIA LANDSCAPE*  
*By CARL OSCAR BORG*



*CHARLES JOHN COLLINGS SKETCHING*  
*IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS*





PETRIED FOREST—ARIZONA  
By THOMAS MORAN

Courtesy Santa Fe Railway  
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GRAND CANYON OF YELLOWSTONE  
By THOMAS MORAN

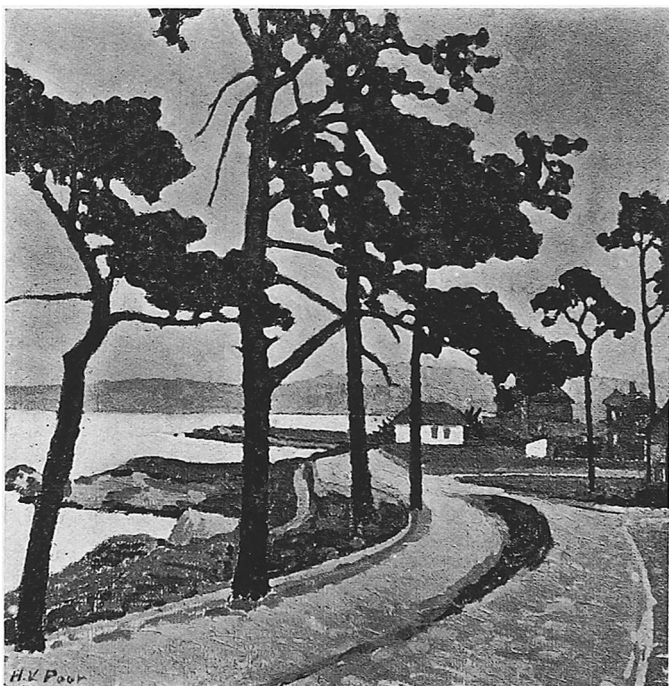
*Painting in Capitol Building, Washington*

There are in Kansas and Colorado a number of small canyons, not known to fame, and generally not classified with beautiful scenery, that possess artistic resources not to be despised. The low foot-hills of the mountains do not receive very much attention from the average tourist or artist, who crosses them on his way to the real mountains. The common types of humble Western landscapes, that we have presented to the reader, do not enjoy great popularity with artists or travelers. There will be no "artists' colonies" springing up at the foot of the quiet "Smoky Hills" in Central Kansas or on the "rolling prairie" or among the gentle foot-hills of the Rockies, and, to be perfectly frank about it, we few painters out here feel quite grateful for being left alone with our humble friends.

I am afraid we would become almost jealous if a lot of smart rivals should demand their share of the friendship that we want all for ourselves.

How would the familiar line-up of paravols and easels of our famous Eastern landscape schools look at the bottom of a Kansas creek? Well, there is no danger of an

invasion, and yet I believe the landscapes that we have just considered are not only paintable but make an ideal sketching ground. I shall try to state briefly why I think so. For learning the fundamental principles of landscape design and color treatment, the open and bare scenery offers far greater advantages than the closed-in ground. To study patiently and seriously the structure of the nude earth, the clear cut lines of hills, rolling prairies, creeks, ravines and fields will develop the sense of proportion and balance. I hope nobody will suspect me of recommending view-painting, since we have already had an overdose of advanced geography in our art, if I say, that I consider it exceedingly important for everybody that tries to become a real landscape painter to study large and simple things, long, sweeping lines, large stretches of earth, to make an effort to master a big design and to understand primitive nature. The beginner should learn to handle the large and simple design, the simple color-scheme, the simple division of lights and shadows, before he tackles the complicated problems of landscape art. He should learn to handle the hill and creek,



*TWIN GUARDIANS OF PT. PINOS* By ANNE M. BREMER  
Property of Mr. John G. Conrad-London



*WALNUT ORCHARD—EARLY SPRING*  
By HENRY V. POOR

first in the hearts of his fellow-country-men, generally fails to convince the serious critic, even if there be an abundant amount of sentiment in his picture, simply because the design is flabby and the color vague. The picture looks small, although the canvas may be large.

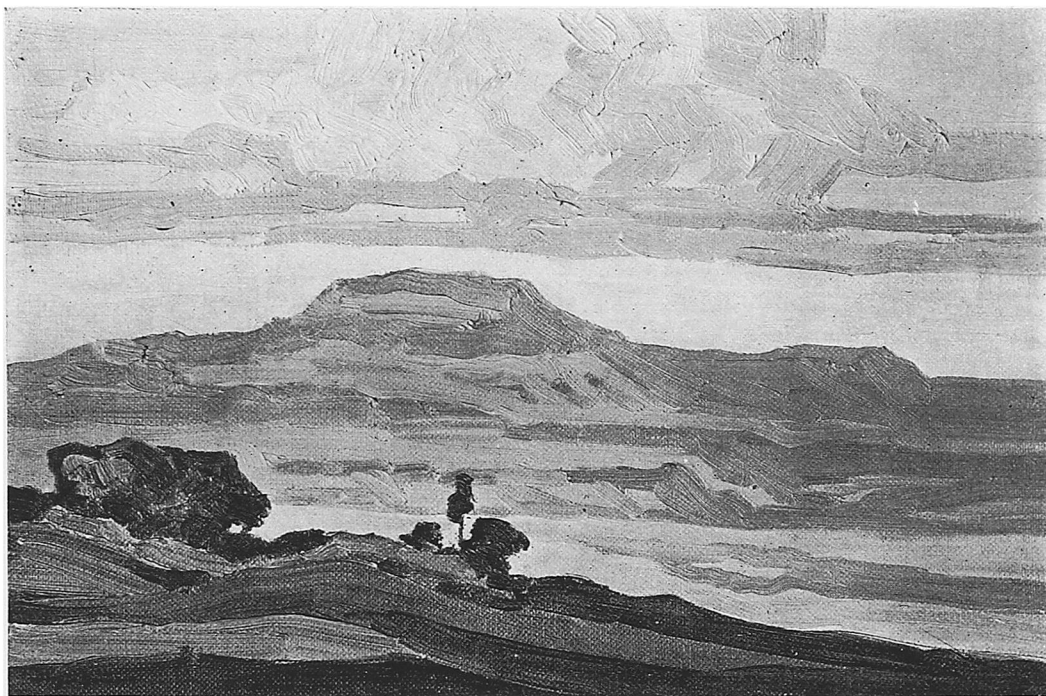
We have tried to stand up for the common humble and despised scenes of the Great Southwest, because they are friendly and beautiful, and deserve the love of the artist. Show them a little kindness and affection and they will return it a hundred-fold.

It is neither possible nor necessary to describe the great romantic wonderland of the Southwest, its rugged, primitive grandeur, its picturesque people, its scintillating light and mystic color. The spell of this fairyland is quite irresistible. Once under its magic influence, the artist will hardly be able to break away, even if he cared to do so. What a world of beauty waiting for interpretation in story, verse, music, color and line. Think of Colorado, for instance: golden plains, smiling valleys, mighty peaks, granite cathedrals and castles, deep blue lakes, pine forests, deserted mining towns and gay summer resorts, all swimming in color and light. Or the glories of New Mexico, Arizona and California, quaint pueblos perched like birds' nests on

before he tries to conquer the mountain.

The average painter of the traditional full-dress landscape, although he is easily

the high mesa, Indians in gay blankets. Oriental old towns with flower markets and ringing fiestas, the endless desert painted



AMONG THE MILLS  
By BIRGER SANDZEN

in yellow, blue and red, the solemn, mystic Grand Canyon, ruins of Franciscan monasteries, surrounded by a halo of legend and romance, dream-like gardens, palms, white shores and green and blue water. What a paradise for an artist. But here as everywhere else in the world, the great treasures are jealously guarded. It is only sincerity and love that can win them. The fairy of the wilderness, who watches over the treasures, is not satisfied with a little flirtation. She wants real love, strong and enduring.

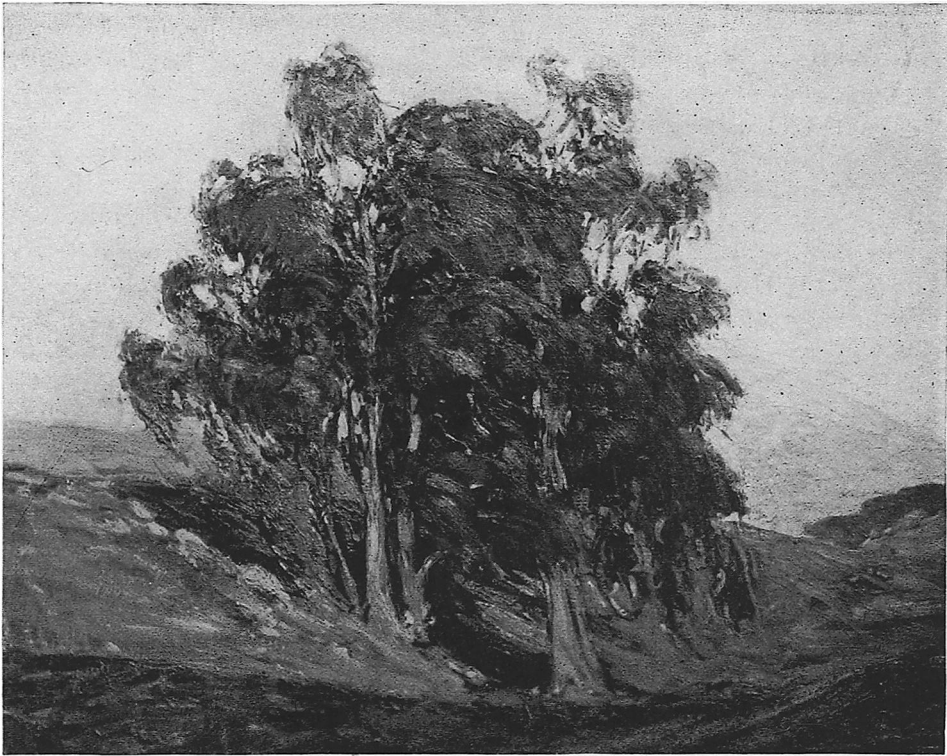
Eastern or European artists often come out to the Southwest in order to get some "stunning" things for the coming exhibitions. They stay long enough to fill a suitcase with sketches and then go home to make pictures. After the sketch has gone through the powerful machine of standard tradition, recipes and masters, there comes out a clever compromise, a highly civilized picture and a pretty good seller. As an in-

terpretation of the southwestern landscape it is hardly convincing.

It is, as a rule, only the artist who thoroughly knows the West, who is able to paint it. All the old laws for colors and values will not help him to solve the perplexing problems that confront him. He must have love and patience enough to begin again from the very beginning and build up the new technique that will enable him to reach his goal.

Foremost among the men who have achieved distinction as painters of the great west is Thomas Moran, dean of American landscape artists, through whose genius the beauties of the Yellowstone and the Grand Canyon have been immortalized in art. Two characteristic examples of his marvelous canvases may be studied in the illustrations "Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone," and "Petrified Forest."

Our illustrations, indeed, cover the entire range of western art, the varying aspects of



EUCALYPTUS TREES  
By RUSSELL CHENEY

its mountains, deserts, foot-hills and plains, and introduce us to the picturesque wild folk who were their aboriginal inhabitants. Daingerfield's "Genius of the Canyon," strikes a note of the imaginative and awakens reminiscences of the classical.

It is not so long ago that pictures of the Grand Canal, Holland Peasants or French or English fishing villages, commanded the American market. Today, however, all this is changed, for our leisure class have found the West a storehouse of picturesque treasure and California a lotus land for winter homes. With an appreciation of western scenery has come an appreciation of western paintings, so that artist colonies have sprung up at Phoenix, Arizona, Taos, New Mexico, at Los Angeles, San Diego and picturesque Carmel-by-the-Sea in California.

At Taos W. Herbert Dunton, E. Irving

Couse, E. L. Blumenschein, J. H. Sharp, Bert Phillips and Sheldon Parsons own homes in the quaint old Mexican village where they spend a part of each year, while at Prescott, Arizona, reside Miss Kate T. Cory, at Denver Vincent D. Colby and at Colorado Springs Charles Craig, all artists who have won fame in painting the West. William Wendt, Mr. and Mrs. William Wachtel, W. E. Rollins and F. V. Dumond number among the prominent people of the Los Angeles artists' colony, while Carmel-by-the-Sea has become famous as a mecca for "Knights of the Brush." The Chase School of Art is located in this colony, where many famous painters spend their winters. Moran comes thither in the spring from his labors amid the mountain landscapes.

Among the prominent artists of Chicago

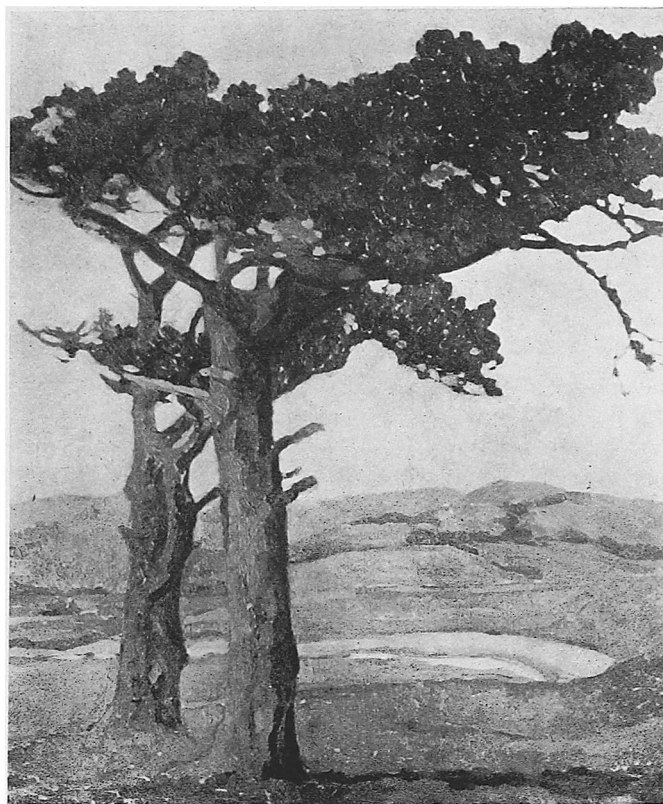


who have visited and painted the canyon country with brilliant success might be mentioned Jerome S. Blum, John F. and Anna L. Stacey and Walter Ufer, who are now engaged upon important works in that locality; Mrs. Jessie Benton Evans, who winters at Scottsdale, near Phoenix; Albert Fleury, E. A. Burbank, the noted Indian painter; Bertha Mensler Dressler, now of Boston, and W. P. Henderson, who in 1905 followed the canyon into old Mexico on a sketching tour.

From New York have come E. L. Blumenschein, F. Ballard Williams, Elliott Daingerfield, A. R. Leigh, Thomas Moran, Dewitt Parshall, E. H. Potthast, William Ritchel Gardner Symons and Louis Betts,

who are now in the West, the latter as the guest of Symons at his home on the coast. E. M. Dawes of Minneapolis has also executed some notable paintings of western scenes.

Interest in the more romantic and spectacular features of western landscape has been constantly increasing among artists and collectors alike, during the last few years. Of late attention has been called to the simpler themes of the southwest by a few sympathetic souls who sing its charms delightfully. Every land and every locality, in fact, should have its champions of the brush and pen, for each alike possesses its peculiar fascinations, especially to those who call it home.



*PINES AT PACIFIC GROVE*  
By HENRY V. POOR



PENA BLANCA TIENDA, NEW MEXICO  
By HAROLD BETTS (1906)

Courtesy Santa Fe Railway